she cared about. Her significant other, that is. Her fine fat foxy self.

TRIXIE had a relationship with the cops. Eleven Division and not one at a time. Hogtown's Finest - in Parade Formation. She wanted a role model for Little Sebastian. He was almost as persnickety as herself. The anxious type. He learned it from her, and all the quack fads she practiced that didn't work. Yoga and Mindfulness. Everything the East gave up on after getting screwed out of it by the West. She gave it a whirl....

Johnny pictured her bouncing up and down in the lap of Hogtown's finest. Sebastian in footies sneaking out of his crib with the pretty cop-car mobiles clutching his first erector set padding over to door.... The movement.... The colour.... The thrashing hairy hooves of the sweating stallions.... The mounted Sergeants.... His primal scene....

It was a different Daddy every night, but the routine never varied and wondering if he'd ever see the same one twice gave him ADHD.

Insight gave Little Sebastian Anxiety Disorder, but that was no excuse for poor benighted MOTHER.

Johnny himself suffered from acute anxiety. Worse after his boyfriend at Miscegenation House shot his dick off with his in-law's Lugar. He had the usual symptoms of trauma. Johnny's were somewhat less severe: nausea and vomiting, pissing and shitting before appointments, feeling like he wanted to flee but his legs were frozen, etc. He'd already referred several clients to TRIXIE for the Star Treatment. Maybe she could turn the trick for HIM, too.

Johnny got on - the first time - when TRIXIE and LITTLE SEBASTIAN were vacationing with the Medical Film Colony of FIRE ISLAND. Johnny got off when she was around. It figured.

Johnny was pissed. He needed the tonic. He wanted the transformation. At the GRINDHOUSE, TRIXIE's first reaction was that insulting, formulaic question: You suicidal, or WHAT?!

No, he wanted to say. DESPERATE....

Because he knew, especially after the trauma of his boyfriend at MISCEGENATION HOUSE - that few suicides announced themselves, except the occasional imposter who really just wanted a lift to SATAN HOUSE, so the question was basically intended to make him submit to humiliation either by Trixie or by The Hayes Office. If he submitted to humiliation by letting her insult his intelligence and affirm her bullshit therapeutic CODE - he didn't NEED Will Hayes. He was already DISNEY.

Of course Johnny knew. She didn't give a fuck. Whenever Johnny intimated how shitty he felt, she started raving about her MISE EN SCENE. Like she thought she was an auteur. Johnny knew. She meant it wasn't her role to actually do anything, so why was he bothering her with his fucking problems? Why didn't he just go to McDonalds and talk to the staff? They were paid hourly and they weren't unionized so they'd be polite. When there was nothing for her to do, then she was there for him all right. Then she really shone....

What a shame, she said in her caring voice (i.e., condescending). The one she employed not very successfully to disguise her total lack of empathy. So his Box Office was about to be halved? Big deal.

But Johnny knew. What was half of nothing? She was on the so-called Chitlin' Circuit making over a hundred thou with Leni and Ida and the other Grindhouse Gals. They were always late for their appointments, they took too many sick-days, and they guzzled beer and smoked dope on the island whenever they thought no one was looking, but they were AUTEURS. The giant slogans plastered over the phillies flaming down Peacock Alley